

## Daily Eagle

## VAIN REGRETS.

Why give a thought to that which has been done? No triumph can come from the past but war; but in the future there is a bright, Whence from life cannot win a new delight.

—Thomas A. Collier.

## BUD.

Twelve men sat upright in their saddles. Eleven of them formed a circle; the twelfth man was on the outside of it. Within the circle, lying on the ground, almost under his horse's feet, was another man, dead. The blood was oozing out of a small hole in his forehead, running in the circle of the circle, each circle, and in the long black hair that reached almost down to his shoulders.

The eleven men forming the circle had their eyes upon the dead man; the eyes of the twelfth were closely watching the eleven, while a half smile played around the corners of his mouth, giving to his face a rather droll devil appearance.

There was perfect silence. Even the horses were standing as if deeply absorbed in thought, forgetting for the time to swish their tails to keep away imaginary flies.

At present the silence was broken. A terrible oath was uttered by one of the eleven, and it was answered by his ten comrades in the circle with angry words and shouts and curses. They jerked their horses' heads around and faced the one with the smile upon his lips.

Each had his hand upon his sword, and the half smile on the face of him they seemed ready to destroy, instead of vanishing, grew broader and broader and more reckless, and a taunting light shone in his eyes as he said, interrogatively: "Well?"

The one who had first broken the silence replied by asking: "Why did you kill our comrade?"

"Because I could, I suppose."

"You killed him, then, because you wanted to kill some one?"

"No, I killed him because he was my brother, and I had taken an oath to kill him."

"Your brother?" all exclaimed.

"Yes, I am Bud. Did he ever mention me to his friends? Ha, ha, ha! But I was well, gentlemen, I'll tell you good day, and move along."

He lifted his hat and bowed to them, then he turned his horse around and galloped away across the prairie.

The coolness of the man was such a surprise to the party he left that it was several minutes before they fully realized that the murderer of their companion had made his escape. When they came to their senses, however, it was with one accord that each man turned his horse, and with one voice they shouted, "Death to the murderer!"

All were splendidly mounted, and all were good horsemen, men who spent the greater part of their time in the saddle.

The chase was on. The murderer galloped as well mounted and he easily kept the distance he had gained at the start between himself and his pursuers. And it was evident from his actions that he did not let his horse out to its full speed, for he frequently reached his hand to the pommel of his saddle and patted the animal on the neck to soothe it into obedience of his wishes.

In the distance was a line of timber. The trees became taller and taller as the riders went on, until at last they rushed into the dim light under them. Bud, as he called himself, was a smart fellow, and he knew that the pursuers were close upon him, and he was not a little surprised when he struck the woods he gave his horse free rein, and it was surprising to see how the animal bounded away, almost with the swiftness of the wind.

"That's the style, Satan!" cried the riders in exultation to his horse. "We will pass the river before they reach it."

On and on they sped through what seemed an almost impassable tangle of palmetto and vines.

The river was reached at last. The water was over the banks and running swiftly.

About half a mile below where Bud had struck the river was what is called a "raft," a place where logs and trees had lodged as they were carried down the river by freshets. They were fastened together in all sorts of ways—some standing on end and with their tops above water, others with their roots in the air, and against these was lodged drift of every description. Over and around this drift and the upended trees the water rushed in a thousand whirls and eddies, with a roar as of a cataract.

Bud cast his eyes up and down the river. He had crossed it often, and knew no danger.

not seem to enter his mind.

"Turn in, man, an' wide," hissed the baby, smiling, reaching out her little dimpled hand toward him.

"Sit still, baby, and I will pull you along," said Bud as he swam around the skiff to the bow and took the rope dangling there between his teeth. The nearest bank was the one where his pursuers were standing watching him.

With all a powerful swimmer's skill he struck out. The attempt was manfully made, but it was in vain. Bud saw it, and gave up the struggle.

He climbed into the skiff as quickly as he could without upsetting it. They were close to the "raft" and but a short distance from the shore. One moment Bud looked around, then a new hope flashed into his mind. He pulled in the rope yet dangling over the bow of the skiff and fastened it around his waist; then he braced his feet and stood ready.

The little boat swept onward swiftly and swifter. Right in its course, on the upper edge of the raft, was a large tree with thick branches above water. The skiff was close to it. The right moment had come, and Bud made a leap and swung himself safely on top of the nearest limb. The skiff plunged hither and thither from side to side, but it was riding safe, held fast by the rope secured to the tree.

Then men on shore had watched the whole proceeding, and now rode down along the river till they were nearly opposite the place where the skiff was secured. They took in the situation, and at once set about to rescue the child and her preserver from the dependent position.

They hastily tied their lariats together and fastened a piece of wood to one end; then they coiled the ropes carefully. A large, shrewy man picked up the end to which the piece of wood was fastened, and with great strength swung it around his head and arm and let it fly to the river.

The piece of wood floated down toward the skiff. Bud was ready, and as it came near he caught it and fastened it carefully to the stem of the boat. The men on shore pulled it tight and made motions that they were ready.

Bud stepped down over the little girl, who was now crouching low in the bottom of the boat, and kissed her tenderly, telling her to lie down and not to move until she was given permission. When the child had obeyed, with a trusting smile, Bud cut the rope that held the skiff to the tree and with a hearty shout the men on the shore pulled in on the lariats.

The skiff was clear of the raft and was nearing the bank rapidly, entirely out of danger, when Bud, with a wave of his hand to those on the bank, leaped overboard and was swallowed up by the angry flood in a moment.

Several times his head was seen over the madly rushing water on the left. The last time it was far down and close to the opposite bank.

Bud's horse, seeing his master's leap, ran down along the bank of the river and was seen last to sight below the raft. John P. Sjolander in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Starving to Death for Love.

Ouida says that a woman has the heart of a dog, meaning by that, I suppose, that the more she is beaten the more she loves the hand that beats her. But it is not true. The strongest love of the strongest of us can be broken and broken like a fly by indifference or neglect.

It is a woman's heart, I suppose, that is so proud and high, too often takes the form of a woman for granted. Having once won it, he feels too sure that he can keep it without any trouble, at least without any extra trouble.

"I've got her now," he says to himself. "She belongs to me as much as my horse does; I will see that she is well fed, well stabled, well groomed and well shod, and what more could a reasonable man desire?" and he picks up the little note he laid at her feet before he "got her," and which he was pleased to call his heart, and holding it up proud and high he turns the key and leaves her. But some women are not reasonable, they don't pretend to be reasonable, and sometimes when the man who has "got her" is posing his heart high in the cool regions of self complacency and waiting for the unreasonable woman to climb for it, she simply doesn't do it.

Sometimes she just quietly begins to pack the ice around her own heart until it freezes even stiffer and colder than his; and sometimes she beats her hot, impetuous, slighted heart against the bars of her prison until she finds her way out to sunshine and to freedom. But, alas that I must confess it, she more often starves to death from love hunger within her prison walls.

Men may laugh of it, but there are such deaths, and women die there daily and are shrouded and coffined and buried without the world's ever knowing that there is even so much as a faint bruise on their tender, loving, patient hearts. It is the man who holds their hearts "proud and high," who kill women in this noiseless, stealthy way.

It is a strange fact that cold, reticent, uncommunicative men who hold their hearts proud and high, and who weigh out in homoeopathic doses the words of affection they give to a woman lest they should give her the hundredth part of a grain too much, have often the power to awaken the passionate adoration of the most intense and lovingest women of us all. She thrills with bliss at the lightest touch of his hand and raves with emotion at the very sound of his voice or his step. When he smiles on her she goes right up to heaven, and when he frowns she drops down to earth with a sickening thud.

She would climb the highest peak with bare and bleeding feet, just for one soft look from his hard, cold eyes. She would wade ankle deep through the burning sands of a desert to win one word of love from his cold, dumb lips. She would throw herself between him and death and gladly die on his cold bosom for the sake of one warm and tender kiss; and she would lay her prettiest tea gown on the altar of self sacrifice as a burnt offering if he would only call her "darling" just one time.

But even the most intense, constant and lovingest woman of us all cannot go on climbing high mountains, wading through bogs and sacrificing her best tea gowns forever. She is human, and she will faint and die on the way, leaving her broken heart as a warning to others who stake all on love and lose; or she will get tired of striving for the love that is held out of her reach, and will comfort herself with some tender heart that loves her and is not too proud to tell her so—Pearl Rivers in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Trick of a Thief.

A little boy was passing through Rivington street the other afternoon with four new pairs of trousers slung across his shoulder. A man stopped him and asked if he wanted to make five cents. The boy said he had. "Well, then," said the man, "ask Miss Smith and tell her Mr. Johnston is waiting to see her. I'll hold your bundle till you come down." The little fellow did as requested, but when he returned neither man nor bundle was to be found. There is a gang of such thieves at work on the east side. They have been known to take a pitcher and pennies from a little girl sent after milk. Another of their tricks is to tell a little boy that his coat is dirty and offer to clean it for him. The unsuspecting little fellow will take off his coat and the thief will make off with it.—New York Sun.

## THE COWBOY.

Ruddy and brown, careless and free—A king in the saddle—he rides at will. Over the mountains and valleys he freely changes The swart gray plains so weird and strange, Trees, and streamlets, and wondrous still.

Often alone, he saddles a throne, He scans like a hawk the numberless herd; Where the buffalo grass and the sage grass dry In the hot, white glare of a cloudless sky; And the music of streams is heard afar.

—John Anthon.

## THE TIGER MAN.

When at Bombay in 1859, making preparations to go up the country and fill an order for six tigers for Amsterdam, a very singular personage crossed my path. I had been in India for two years as the agent of the great German animal house and had sub-agents in a dozen districts. We were constantly forwarding serpents, jackals, hyenas, wolves, buffaloes, tigers, and such curiosities as fell into our traps, and now and then received an extra order. The order for "six wild, full grown tigers, males preferred," came from Egypt. Messages were sent to sub-agents to get ready for a trip to the northeast, among the tiger jungles. One afternoon a stranger was announced under the name of Gwal. He was a tall, stiff appearing figure, moving with all the dignity of a prince, but his face was so horribly disfigured that I couldn't repress a start of surprise. He had been born with a single eye, and that almost in the center of his face. His nose was like that of a dog, and his mouth was wide, almost without lips, and full of fangs. He was more of a freak than Jo-Jo, the dog-faced, and would have been a great start with surprise. He expected me to look at him with surprise. He gave me plenty of time, and then, bowing very low, he said:

"I am told the sahib is a hunter of beasts."

"Yes."

"You capture them alive?"

"Yes."

"I should like to go with you. I am called the Tiger Man. I am not afraid of any wild beast. No animal dares attack me."

He informed me that he had come from a village called Johpur, on the Gadavary river, 200 miles away, and that scores of people would vouch for the truth of his statements. Twice within the year I had heard of this man and his wonderful doings, but had put no faith in the reports. He was now, however, wonderful magnificence over the animal creation he gave me proofs. The next bungalow on the right was occupied by Capt. Richard Taylor, of the Fifty-first Native Infantry. He had a savage dog chained up in the rear of the house. The brute was dangerous, and had not been free from his chain for two months. The servants told me to throw him his food, and even the captain dared not go within reach.

"If you are a tiger man you are not afraid of a savage dog?" I queried as he finished a statement of his wonderful powers.

"Lead me to the beast," he curtly replied.

The captain was at home, and I went over and told him of the native's presence. They called the man over, and after the captain had satisfied his curiosity he said to him:

"You may be a brave man, but do not expose yourself. My dog will kill you if you go near him. I shall have him shot this week."

"Your dog will cover and whine," soberly answered Gwal.

"Well, the risks be on your own head."

We passed around the bungalow and through a gate, and the dog, who was about fifty feet away, at once sprang up and tugged savagely at his chain. There could be no doubt of his savage rage. His eyes bled, he frothed at the mouth, and his efforts to break the stout chain filled me with alarm. The native waited a minute before allowing himself. As soon as he stepped in front of us there was a change in the dog's demeanor. Indeed, he seemed to dodge, as if a missile had passed close to his ear. The native slowly approached, and before he was within ten feet of him the dog was down on his belly and uttering whines for mercy. Gwal unfasted the collar on his neck, spoke three or four words in a low voice and then walked about, and the dog followed at his heel. Such a change from savage fury to utter servility was astounding. It was plain that the dog was coward and afraid, and that Gwal had wonderful powers. He approached us, and as he came close up the dog never raised his eyes to give us a look. He kept his eyes on the ground, and we could see that he was in a tremble of fear.

"Is the sahib satisfied?" quietly asked Gwal at the end of ten minutes.

"Yes."

He readjusted the collar, and the dog slunk into his box, so cowed and overcome that a child might have used a whip on him. While this adventure with the dog did not prove that Gwal would have equal success with wild beasts, I saw that he was a valuable man for our party, and at once engaged him. He stated that the district from which he came was infested with many large serpents and wild beasts, and his suggestions as to our proceedings were very businesslike and valuable. Besides the six of us regularly engaged in the traffic, Maj. Lawrence, of the Eighth Light Cavalry; Col. Shaw, of the Nineteenth regiment; and Capt. Smith, commanding a battery attached to the Eleventh native regiment, were allowed to accompany us, they having permits of absence and desiring to go on a hunt. We occupied twelve days on the journey, which were without startling incident, and one afternoon arrived in good shape at the village of Johpur. Without a hint of time and in some manner yet unknown, the Tiger Man had sent word on ahead, and the first thing we saw on entering the village were six stout cages, which the natives had constructed to hold the six tigers we had come for. It was a case of providing the cage before the bird was caught, and it settled my belief that Gwal was what he claimed to be.

We received a warm welcome at the village, and after a little the head man told me further about the Tiger Man. He had been found in the forest when only a couple of weeks old, and had ever since been regarded as only half human. He possessed a strange power over wild or domestic animals, and had several times captured man-eating tigers to follow him into and about the village like a dog. When I asked why he had not used this power to clear the district of its many dangerous pests, he explained that Gwal, when thus magnetizing a beast, was deprived of his physical strength to such an extent that he could do them injury. That evening just as sundown we had a fair example of his wonderful powers. One of the largest and fiercest hyenas I had ever seen suddenly appeared on the edge of the thicket, about 300 feet away, and stood and gazed at us, and bristled up with anger. Gwal was called for, and he started for the beast at an ordinary pace. At first the beast acted as if it meant to attack him. Then it showed signs of running away. Then, as he drew nearer, it crawled upon its belly and began to whine, and we saw that it was terrified. The man uttered some words we did not catch and started to return, and the hyena crept at his heels, tail dragging on the ground, and its whole demeanor that of a subject. Gwal walked past us and around us, and the beast gave us no attention whatever. It panted, as after a hard run, and we could see that it was actually suffering. When Gwal had satisfied us, he led the hyena to the outskirts of the village, pointed to the thicket, and exclaimed, "Go!" and the beast slunk off as if in fear of its life.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" gasped each one of us in turn.

It was more like a miracle. Gwal stood near us, his hands on his hips, and as if another

woman, and when we went over to him we found him covered with perspiration. The old woman, with whom he made his home, led him away after a little, and we saw no more of him until next morning. Before we turned in for the night the head man told us that at least four men eating tigers had their haunts within a radius of ten miles, and that we should depend upon Gwal and let him manage the campaign against them as he thought best. There was no need of fire-arms, and Gwal would sooner or later find an occupant for each cage. He talked of catching up full grown tigers as carelessly as another man would of trapping house rats, but he knew the Tiger Man better than we did.

At sunrise next morning Gwal was all right. I had agreed to pay him \$15 per month and his keep when he set out with us. This was a magnificent sum in the eyes of a native, but I now told him that if he preferred I would give him \$100 for six tigers. He jumped at the offer, and his very first move was to run to the bank of the river and bargain with the owner of a rude but seaworthy barge to float the six cages down to the water on the eastern part of the peninsula for us. The distance by river was all of 100 miles, and there would be eight of us in the party. The owner of the craft agreed to take us and the tigers, feed us well, and employ two extra helpers for a sum equal to about thirteen American dollars. When I told him I would make it \$20 he came near to sinking in his astonishment, and for an hour or two moved about like one in a dream. Here, then, we prepared our cages, contracted for our passage, and none of us had yet seen so much as the tip end of a tiger's tail. After breakfast, when we were ready to move, Gwal said to me:

"I know the lair of a couple of tigers. It is distant about an hour's ride, and I shall bring one. No one must come with me, and you must not fire your guns or make a noise. Let one of the cages be placed under that tree over there, and in a couple of hours it shall be occupied by a fine tiger. The last time I saw him he had a scar. It should now be well."

It made us stare hard at each other to hear a man talking that way, but I had the cage carried to the spot designated, and Gwal took his leave of us as if simply going out to search for a bee tree. When he had disappeared the head man advised that the villagers go indoors and keep quiet, and our band was divided in half and placed in trees where it could plainly see the cage. Stray rumors of Gwal's wonderful magnetic powers had reached the ears of the three British officers, and they had seen the performance with the hyena with eyes wide open, but they were skeptical as to his powers over a tiger. All we were told for that matter. The idea of a man, no matter what gifts he had, making a tiger man enter to crawl on his belly, was too absurd for belief. But Gwal settled it to our satisfaction as well as chagrin. In two hours and twenty minutes after his departure he reappeared, and right at his heels, and acting the same as the largest tiger I ever saw. It was plain that the beast was terrified. A whipped puppy could not have shown more servility. Gwal came along at a moderate gait, swinging a hand on either side of him, and apparently paying no heed to the tiger, but all those in our tree were sure we heard him mumbling under his breath. The tigerer looked up, not to the right nor left, but kept its head down. As they halted at the cage Gwal threw up his hand, as one does when he wants a dog to jump, and the man entered bounded into the cage and covered in a corner. The native secured the door in a hurried manner and then approached us. We were now on the ground, and as he came we noticed that he was in a tremble and very weak.

"The other one was not at home, but I shall have him to-morrow," he said, "I will now lie down for a little time."

Could we believe our own eyes? Were we dreaming? There was the living proof of Gwal's wonderful powers, and what could we say? We moved down to the cage to get a closer view of the beast, and the sight of us and our presence broke the strange spell. For the next half hour the tiger was wild with fury, and a dozen different times it seemed to us that he would regain his liberty. Every he bled, however, and he finally tired himself out and became more quiet.

Gwal slept until 10 o'clock in the afternoon, when he came forth refreshed and full of talk. The tiger was then raving about his cage, but the instant the man appeared he covered and was as quiet as a lamb. The next afternoon his mate was brought in as he had been, and within a week we had four tigers. We then moved to a spot about eighteen miles away, and Gwal brought in two others, both males. His performance was the same in each case, and in each case his demeanor and that of the beast was the same. It was magnetism developed to a wonderful degree. That single eye of his was a blaze of fire when he started out. We could all feel his electric power. The tiger was, the man had no fear of any living thing, and twice I saw him pick up poisonous serpents and carry them along for half a mile.

When the six tigers were stowed on the barge I paid Gwal his \$100, and added \$50 to it. He was not to go with us, but in case I wanted more tigers I was to come to him. We were to call on him every week, and within a few days I heard from this strange man. He once shipped me four tigers on speculation, and made a neat sum by it, and then came the news of his death—torn to pieces by a tiger. The native who gave me the news explained:

"When asleep he had no power. It was the fire in his eye which covered the beast. He fell asleep outside the hut one evening, and a tiger crept up and killed him and carried him off."—New York Sun.

A New Sect in Germany.

A new sect has been added to the already numerous religious communities in Germany. Its members call themselves the "Free Brethren in Christ." Their chief doctrine is in and about the town of Zwickau (Saxony), and their leader a carpenter. Their worship is a mixture of the rites of the several sects known in the Voigtland. They sing Methodist hymns, and like the Irvingites, they believe in an early bodily reappearance of Christ, and with the Anabaptists, they consider it sinful to cherish children. Instead of the Lord's Supper, they partake of a "Feast of Love."

They are very strictly recruited from among the fair sex.—Boston Transcript.

A Lesson on Slavery.

It was at the Institute of Technology, a few days ago, that one of the professors had been troubled by hearing some of the students indulging in slang. Accordingly, when his class had assembled to hear his lecture, he gave them a ten minute discourse on the use of slang, told them how it was corrupting the language, and that its use was among persons of cultivation and refinement, a sure sign of ill breeding. Then he went on with his regular lecture, and at its close called the attention of his class to the fact that some of them had been remiss in their studies, and that it behooved them to make up for lost time, or they would fail to pass the approaching examinations. "The fact is," he concluded, "you've got to brace up or you'll get left," which shows that preaching and practice are often wide apart.—Boston Herald.

Since then, must, or it is thought there must, be some trial to address, the suggestion of a New York magazine, that the surplus supply be sent to hospitals is worth heeding. After doing duty as blinds to the spectators two or three nights, they are generally left to wither and waste their sweetness on the car-buretted hydrogen gas, only let them be before they are too far gone.—Cincinnati Herald.

## Creditable to the Scotch.

The memorable City of Glasgow bank failure, with liabilities of \$30,000,000, brought ruin to many, but its ruinous effects have largely been overcome by the noble and brotherly action of the Scotch people. Under the law of unlimited liability, the stockholders of the bank had to make good to the creditors their accounts.

None except a very few could afford to pay an assessment of \$2,000 on each \$100 of stock. A fund of \$1,933,000 was, therefore, raised, and so well has it been administered that none of the stockholders or their families have suffered want, while many have been aided by loans to regain a prosperous business standing. Up to date 88 per cent. of such loans have been repaid by the beneficiaries.

There now remains of the fund some \$500,000, the bulk of which will be devoted to purchasing annuities for widows and other helpless dependents. It is well said that the entire transaction forms a notable record of generosity and thrift, creditable in the highest degree to the Scotch people.—Daily Investigator.

Indian Slavery in Brazil.

Indian slavery is said to have replaced negro slavery in Brazil. Mr. Wells, a great Brazilian traveler, says that "in the wildest regions of the tributaries of the Amazon basins of India rubber gatherers carry on an iniquitous traffic with sinking in his astonishment, and for an hour or two moved about like one in a dream. Here, then, we prepared our cages, contracted for our passage, and none of us had yet seen so much as the tip end of a tiger's tail. After breakfast, when we were ready to move, Gwal said to me:

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## SARCOXIE EXCELSIOR WHITE LIME,

—MANUFACTURED BY—

## HOUCK, THOMAS &amp; CO.

—WORKS AND KILNS AT—

## SARCOXIE, MO.

—MAIN OFFICE—

## WICHITA, KANSAS,

ROOM 202 SEDGWICK BLOCK.

## GLOBE IRON WORKS.

A. FLAGG, Prop'r.

Cor. 2d and 5th Aves.